

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue,
What shall I do?
Here I am making
Music for you!

Little Boy Red,
Come out of bed;
Look at the sparrows
Out on the shed!

Little Boy White,
Laughing and bright,
Sister is sure you're
A dear little sprite.

Red, White, and Blue,
What shall we do?
Battle cum prattle,
Here's music for you!

Saved from Drowning.

In my boyish days, I once witnessed quite an extraordinary exhibition of true courage and rare presence of mind on the part of a boy of thirteen years. I have never seen it equaled and I doubt whether it has ever been excelled by one so young.

It was on a Saturday morning in the early part of winter. School "didn't keep" on Saturdays, it was our play day. The mill-pond was frozen over strong enough to bear about the borders, but in the middle the ice was thin and weak. A dozen or more of us went down to the pond to skate. The day was fine and bright, but cold and bracing; the air bit shrewdly; it was a nipping and an eager air, and we coursed around the pond in lively, exciting chase, until the blood was well warmed up and our faces glowed with excitement and pleasure. Some of the more daring youths, when under high speed and coming down with the wind, allowed themselves to glide swiftly as an arrow over some of the weak places in the ice, where had they rested only for a moment they would have broken in; but, under the velocity with which they simply shot across, the ice merely bent and rolled beneath them like a wave, but did not break. This was dangerous play indeed, and, fortunately for their safety, the boys did not persist in doing it.

As the morning wore along there were occasional accessions to our number, which aroused new ardor as they occurred from time to time, and trials of speed and feats of skill kept up the enthusiasm to the highest point; so that with forward skating, backward skating, cutting the ring, attempts at spread-eagle and outside edge; chase the fox, follow my leader, tag, and other diversions, we were in a constant whirl all around the circuit of the pond, and up and down it from one end to the other, save only in those places where the ice seemed to be weak. At length the tracks made by our skates upon the solid ice became so distinctly marked that it had very much the appearance of a race course around the pond. At this time we were joined by some younger lads living less remote than most of us, and who, from witnessing our hilarity from the shore, became infected therewith, came upon the pond, and participated in the sports by running about in the tag and chase upon their feet, for they were without skates.

After awhile the skating slowed up, and presently, in obedience to that inexplicable law of attraction, which operates so irresistibly when there are any juveniles around, we began to assemble in a body, and then while at rest congratulations were exchanged between us on the forenoon's sport, criticisms were offered on each other's skates, condolence tendered to those who couldn't skate, or who had no skates to learn upon; the boy with one skate still keeping up with irrepressible perseverance his own aesthetic left foot contribution to the performances of the day, received vociferous applause; there was tweaking of tippets, sudden disappearances of mittens and handkerchiefs, and tossing of each other's caps; possibly there may have been an inquiry made for matches, and I dare say the building of a fire was propounded and acted upon, and I suppose the fetching in of divers crooked sticks to add to the flames may have suggested a game of shinney; at all events, shinney was proposed, and back we went upon the ice again, and with our sticks were soon driving before us the ball improvised for the occasion out of a small cubic block of wood. The younger lads joined us in this game also, running after the ball in quite as merry glee as any of the rest.

One of those lads, whom I will call Frank Rockwood, was altogether too venturesome, and he was frequently cautioned by the older boys when he approached too near the thin ice and even upon it, as he was seen to do, in pursuit of the ball. But the sport was exciting, and he became altogether heedless, and by and by, running in reckless chase after the ball too far upon the thin ice, it broke with his weight, and

with a wild scream he fell through. Every cheek blanched in an instant; an expression of terror broke from the lips of the boys: "Oh! Frank Rockwood is in!" Apparent as the danger was to all of us, there had been no real anticipation of it; there were no safeguards against it, and no provisions to meet it in case of accident. Here we were, a score of boys, none more than thirteen or fourteen years old; all the morning lifted up our sports to the very pinnacle of enjoyment and delight, now, in a point of time, a moment's space, suddenly brought face to face with death! What shall we do? Oh! if we only had a rope or a board, or something to do with; fear came over every one, for it was a moment of awful anxiety and suspense. We looked helplessly into each other's faces; no man was near, and before help could be summoned, he would certainly drown or freeze to death. It was enough to terrify every one of us; it hushed every voice, it paralyzed every tongue but Frank's, who was clinging to the edge of the unbroken thin ice. "Oh! save me!" he shrieked, "save me! save me!" and his cry went to the heart of a noble boy in that company. Pausing only for a single moment to think, he proceeded quicker than thought to act. With surprising sagacity and promptness, he got down flat upon the ice, thus distributing his weight upon the surface, and pulling himself forward upon the thin ice up to the perishing boy, grasped him firmly by the wrists.

"One of you get down flat on the ice, and crawl up and take hold of my ankles, and the rest of you form two lines, join hands, and take hold of his ankles." This was done in much less time than it requires to relate it, and in another instant, with a triumphant shout which rings in my ears to-day, the boys pulled altogether, far out upon the solid ice, and Frank Rockwood was saved.—*Hearth and Home.*

Parents' Paradise.

We were much impressed lately by the orderly behavior of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to our host; and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. He said he gave each child who obeyed the rules, a reward at the end of every month. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. They were called "Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise":

1. Shut every door after you, without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs, or in the next room, if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best confidant be your mother.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

Boys, Heed This!

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready-made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business, prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these qualities? when he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

It was in Collinsville, Conn., that a mighty economical old gentleman wrote twenty-seven lines (358 words) on a single postal card.

CURRENT ITEMS.

FRANCE has no male boarding-house keepers.

ENGLAND spends \$64,000,000 a year for tobacco.

A RECENT census gives Japan a population of 33,000,000.

THE Congressional library boasts of seven miles of books.

IN the British Treasury the "old style" in dates still prevails.

QUEEN VICTORIA has nine children and twenty-one grandchildren.

A TERRE HAUTE Judge fined a man for keeping a dog that barked all night.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has preached at Plymouth Church over twenty-five years.

A MISSISSIPPI postmistress has discharged her husband from a clerkship for negligence.

THE Protestants in France number less than one million out of thirty-six millions of people.

TILTON, IN., has a pink jail; the prisoners are forced to own that their surroundings are rose-colored.

THERE is an inebriate in Chicago who has signed the pledge eighty-seven times. Try again, old fellow.

THE number of people who died in Philadelphia last year would have made a procession a mile long, marching ten abreast.

GEORGE WASHINGTON has been done up in Japanese; forty-four volumes; portrait, with heavy mustache; cane, and terrier dog.

THE number of church edifices in this country in 1870 was 63,082, against 38,061 in 1850, which is an increase of about 75 per cent. in twenty years.

PETER VAN DYKE, who died in New Hampshire, worth \$140,000 in cash, requested in his will that no one "should snuffle and shed crocodile tears at his funeral, but cover him over and then hurry home to fight over his money."

THE inhabitants of Berlin have been assassinating one another at an extraordinary rate. Murders, up to a short time ago, were daily reported, the first question asked when friends met being, "Whose throat was found cut this morning?"

A DAUGHTER of R. W. Porter, residing near Monmouth, Ill., while making her bed the other day, discovered a rattlesnake comfortably coiled up between the sheets. Immediately after the people of Monmouth thought the law against steam whistles had been violated.

FIVE children at a birth! This was successfully accomplished recently by Mrs. J. Winthrop, of Howard City, Mich. Three of the youngsters are intended to wear pants, and two of them petticoats. "Great Heaven!" exclaimed the father, on viewing this addition to his family, "and business so dull!"

THE fossil Saurian lately unearthed in Dakota, at Fort Randall, measures 18 feet in length, and if perfect would measure 22 feet. It is miscellaneously made up, with paddles like the whale, a crocodile's head and jaws, conical teeth, and enormous eye-holes. It was probably a devourer of fish and reptiles.

THE constructor of the great Suez Canal, M. Lesseps, proposes to build a railroad from Orenburg, Russia, to Beshawur, India, a distance of two thousand five hundred miles. In case of war between Great Britain and Russia the possessions of the former in India would, to a certain extent, be at the mercy of the latter.

THE Chicago Times calls the Council Chamber of that city a "devil's den," and says Chicago is ruled by "the worst, most disgraceful bumming regime ever known in its history." The Journal says the city is ruled by a "low, coarse, drunken rabble." The other papers are equally severe in their condemnation of the "City Fathers." Unhappy Chicago!

GENERAL BEAUREGARD has tried the "fireless engine" on the New Orleans street railroad of which he is President two years, and believes in it. It starts with a pressure of 125 pounds and makes a six-mile trip with an average loss of 75 pounds. One engine is equal to nine mules, is more manageable, and can be more easily stopped and started again; and the expense of running a road with this species of motive power is only a quarter the cost of mule power.

A NEW YORK paper says a former principal of Middleborough Academy, at one time, on the approach of a tempest, insulated a chair on four pieces of glass, and, as he thought, politely invited a young lady to sit on his lap for safety. To show the popularity of the man of letters, the young lady replied she had rather be struck by lightning.

BRIGGS' BABY.

A contemporary says that Briggs has a boy baby, about ten months old, who is admitted to look just like his father, and to be the smartest boy baby of his age in G street. The other morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat, and started to finish the apple. A bit of the skin got in his throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed the air rolled over on his head.

"Oh, them buttons! He has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother, and she yanked him up and shook him.

"Pound him on the back!" yelled the other woman, trying to hold the baby's legs still.

"Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed his stomach and jogged him about all sorts of ways, until he got mad and went to howling. Then the boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for the doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil, and put a mustard plaster across him and wept over him, and his mother said she could never forgive herself. The doctor was looking serious, and Briggs was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling angel to her bosom, and called him her "wopsy topsy hopsy dropsy popsy little cherub."

LOSSES IN THE PRUSSIAN WAR.

The loss on each side in the recent Franco-Prussian war was perfectly appalling. On the part of the Germans it was in killed 19,216; wounded, 91,537; missing, 6,195. Total, 116,948. Of the French 89,000 were either killed in action or died of their wounds. This does not include the deaths among the civil population caused by slaughter, famine, grief, etc. Nor does it include a large number of deaths resulting from wounds. Altogether, it will be a low estimate to multiply the above number by four. In other words nearly half a million of lives were sacrificed on both sides in this war, entered upon by the responsible authors "with a light heart," as the French Minister declared at the outset.

This statement in relation to the French enables us to find the balance sheet of the empire under Louis Napoleon. Upwards of 120,000 Frenchmen are moldering away in the Crimea, 40,000 died in Italy, 35,000 in Mexico, and 10,000 in sundry other distant expeditions. If we add to these the 89,000 men killed during the Franco-Prussian war we have a total of 294,000 victims besides those outside of the army.

THE WOOL TRADE.

The latest published statistics regarding the wool trade of the United States, shows a gratifying increase in the quantity of wool produced at home, as compared with that of other years, notwithstanding the depressing influences of dull trade and the panic. The total production last year is estimated at 174,700,000 pounds, against 160,000,000 pounds for 1872, and 146,000,000 pounds for 1871. The stock of domestic wool in the three principal markets, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, on the first of the present month, was 1,460,730 pounds greater than it was last year, while that of foreign was 13,468 bales less. The trade in foreign wool fell off considerably, owing to the decrease in consumption and the abundance of domestic wool, the importations being 47,775,885 pounds, against 98,306,581 pounds for 1872. In regard to prices an improvement began in November, and has continued. Domestic fleece wool is now ten cents a pound cheaper than in January, 1873, and clothing wools have declined in the same proportion.

A PROFESSOR in Berlin is just now exhibiting a lot of performing fleas, and they have an operatic troupe of parrots in Lima. We shall probably have next a grand mosquito concert, and a ballet by trained bed-bugs.

DON'T DRINK TO-DAY, MY BOY.

Don't drink to-day, my boy!
Let not the sparkling glass
That woe but to destroy,
Touch lips just fondly seal'd
With mother's kiss, my boy;
Her hope of earthly bliss
Is told in asking this—
Don't drink to-day, my boy.

Turn from the treacherous friend,
Who would basely decoy,
As Circe did the men
She feasted to destroy,
Touch not the liquid fire—
A fiend is lurking there—
Rebuke the tempter dire;
Don't drink to-day, my boy.

The simoon's purple light,
With its hot poisonous blast,
Brings a less fatal blight
Than the wine-cup will cast.
Touch not, my boy, beware!
It gladdens to destroy.
Shun, shun the fatal snare,
Don't drink to-day, my boy!

A serpent's deadly fangs
Would not such anguish bring
As the torturing pangs
Which the mother's heart cling,
While the long watch she keeps,
Till the taper burns low,
And she silently weeps
Lest you visit to the foe.

By Heaven's blissful boy,
By every earthly joy,
Oh, do not madly cope
With the demon, my boy.
Let mother's pleading voice
Sing again hope and joy.
Let her sad heart rejoice—
Don't drink to-day, my boy!

VARIETIES.

LADIES who light up well at night—Those who have lantern-jaws!

WHAT clergyman is always within a hundred of being correct? A curate (accurate—c).

A MORNING paper speaks of "thieving in the outskirts," which may be interpreted, "picking ladies' pockets."

AN old lady hearing some one reading about a Congressman-at-large, rushed to the kitchen door shouting: "Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane! don't you leave the clothes out all night; mind I tell you; for there's a Congressman at large!"

ENTERTAINING remarks—man on mule to friend on sidewalk: "Howdy?" "Howdy?" "How's your health?" "Oh! it's tolerable—how's your'n?" "Tolerable." "Folks well?" "Tolerable. Your'n well?" "Yes, tolerable."

It isn't always best to call things by their right names. A young gentleman called a coach dog a Dalmatian hound, and was informed by his sweetheart that if he could not refrain from profanity in her presence they must henceforth be strangers.

As a rich and pretentious financier was looking at some paintings which he proposed to buy, the dealer pointed to a fine one, and said: "There is a dog after Landseer." "Is it really?" exclaimed the pretender. "What is the dog after him for?"

JONES and BROWN were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then!" "True," said Jones; "that is what I mean."

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And into the court he wended his way,
Just as the attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the points in a case.

Now a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For to his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very anxious the reason to know
Why none had ever been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents his majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been caught;
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose, with a visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave;
And Satan felt considerably amused
To hear the attorney so badly abused.

But soon the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing him fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they quarreled, contended and argued so long,

'Twas hard to determine which of them was wrong;
And concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away and soliloquized thus:

'They've puzzled the court with their villainous cavil,
And, I'm free to confess it, they've puzzled the devil;

My agents were right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne.

WM. B. ASTOR is eighty. He is worth \$100,000,000, it is said. Most of his property is in the city of New York. His name has not figured on a subscription paper, for the relief of the 30,000 poor in New York, this winter. He will leave the world soon as a respectable, but relentless miser, and if at his death his estate is to be cut up and distributed, the sooner that event transpires the better will it be for the world.

DIO LEWIS' full name is "Diocletian."